

Poetry.

Our One Life.

'Tis not for a man to trifle! Life is brief
And sin is here,
Our age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear,
We have no time to sport away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.
Not many lives, but only one have we,
One only one;
How sacred should that one life ever be,
That narrow span!
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.
Our being is no shadow of thin air,
No vacant dream,
No fable of the things that never were,
But only seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of mystery,
'Tis strange and solemn may that meaning be.

Our sorrows are no phantom of the night,
No idle tale;
No cloud that floats along a sky of light
On summer gale.
They are the true realities of earth,
Friends and companions even from our birth.
O life below! how brief and poor and glad!
O life above! how long, how fair and glad!
An endless joy,
Oh! to be done with daily dying here;
Oh! to begin the living in your sphere!
O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth,
How dull your hue!
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth,
Made fair and new!
'Come, better Eden, with thy fresher green;
'Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene!'
DR. BONAR.

Miscellaneous.

Rights of the Laborer.

A Fast Day Sermon.

BY LEANDER S. COAN.

AMHERST, May 6th, 1863.

REV. MR. COAN:—
SIR:—We, believing it would be productive of
good results, desire a copy of your Sermon de-
livered on the occasion of our National Fast, for
publication, which we respectfully request.

Yours for the truth,

F. B. FOSTER,
Geo. C. WHITE,
A. H. BRIDGEMAN,
O. H. BRIDGEMAN,
WESLEY H. BRIDGEMAN,
R. H. BRIDGEMAN,
CHAS. F. SILVER.

GENTLEMEN:—Hoping that its truths may aid
in opening the eyes of some of the many deluded
men whose interests and sympathies are really
with freedom, but whose efforts are against it, I
herewith submit the manuscript.

Most respectfully,

LEANDER S. COAN.

Text.—And there shall cleave nought of the
curse thing to them; hand, that the Lord may
multiply from the increase of his anger, and show
thee mercy, and have compassion upon thee, and
multiply thee as he hath sworn unto thy fathers.
Deut. 10:17

It is not my purpose to enumerate the
many National Sins which have been the
occasional cause of our present chastise-
ment. Each, of many, are sufficient to
secure the Retribution, which rests so
heavily upon us. I shall confine myself
rather, to the most inconsistent one of the
whole,—the one of which, it would
seem we would be least likely to be guilty
—our greatest evil.

You have read of the unmerciful debt-
or, who having obtained clemency from
his lord, went forth, and finding a fellow-
servant a trifle indebted to himself, be-
cause he could not then pay, cast him
into prison. His lord hearing of the
matter delivered him to the tormentors
till he had paid it all. Kindness and jus-
tice unite in saying that the punishment
was deserved. He had proved himself
unmerciful, in the very thing in which he
had obtained mercy.

Of precisely such character, is the
great Sin of the American People. *The
Sin of Oppression.* God relieved those
who came to America, from the oppres-
sions of the Old World, and they had not
fairly begun to breathe this free air when
they went about oppressing their neigh-
bors.

'Aha! You are going to preach an
Abolitionist Sermon, are you? going to
vilify the South, and throw the blame all
upon her?'

Wait! Hear me through, and then
judge.

Let us look for a moment to the rock
from which we were hewn.
England, to-day, has a comparatively
free government. The rights of her most
humble citizens are much more respected
than when the Puritans were banished
because of Religious opinions, and the
persistent defence and exercise of Religi-
ous Liberty.

America was opened before them, as
an asylum. There they could live in
Freedom, and make the experiment of
their darling theory—that the people
could govern themselves without the bur-
den of a sumptuous royalty, or lorded no-
bility; that the only titles which a man
should enjoy, should be those which God
gives him the capacity to gain; and that
all, poor or rich, without regard to caste
should equally have the opportunity to
rise for themselves positions in the world.

By far the larger part of those who
came to this country were possessed of
this humane, just idea. But few
times ever set foot upon our soil. So
that, when, in the process of time we
were to be organized as a government,
this idea was made the corner stone of
the structure. This was pure, white mar-
ble. And in spite of the presence, here
and there of dark grained material, it
was the fairest, and nearest free govern-
ment upon the earth. No royal family
endangering unjust taxation. No lorded
nobility owning the land upon which the
laborer lived. Any citizen could own the
land which he tilled. We became great
and nominally free. We boasted of our
land of liberty.

But how has it been with regard to
equality? Have the privileged classes
gained wealth by oppression? Has the
laborer been regarded in justice?

The laboring portion of society has
been divided into two classes; free labor-
ers and slaves. We propose to notice
oppression as it has been endured by both
of these, and to compare them and their
results.

I. Many in their sympathy for the slave,
have forgotten that there is also oppres-
sion, which the free laborer sometimes
suffers. It may, and indeed does not go
to such length as in the case of those who
are legally slaves. Yet it does exist.—
We do not see so much of it in our coun-
try, and in many of our larger manufac-
turing villages, there are thou-
sands who are little better than slaves.—
You may argue that it is the result of
their improvidence, or lack of capacity.

Ellsworth American.

"We Live in Deeds, not Years; in Thoughts, not Breaths."

VOL. IX, NO. 19.

ELLSWORTH ME., FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1863.

\$50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Yet this does not do away with the fact
that there are many unprincipled capital-
ists and speculators who take advantage
of ignorance and improvidence in the
laborer; who grow wealthy out of unre-
quited toil of their operatives; who hold
the paltry pay of their laborers, as long
as they can in their well-filled purses;
who in a thousand ways defraud the la-
borer of the pittance due. Against no
sins of the ancient Jews was the Lord
more bitter, than against this. It was
called very filly, "grinding the faces of
the poor." This evil has obtained to a
great extent in our free country. And
although it does not go by the name of
slavery, it is the same in principle. Fur-
ther it is meaner than avowed slavery, for
it adds hypocrisy to the sin of oppression.
There have been reasonable grounds for
the slaveholder's taunts in this respect.—
We would not make this a sweeping ac-
cusation against all who employ the free
laborer. There are many who do pay their
employees liberally and promptly.—
We would give them all the honor which
is due them, for thus conscientiously con-
sidering the rights of the laborer. This
is in keeping with the spirit of a republic.
This we have said, is not especially preva-
lent in country communities; but there
is a practice which prevails more espe-
cially in such, which is of precisely the same
spirit. Oppression in such places finds
abundant exercise in the practice of usury.

This bears upon the poorer classes of
society. A worthy laboring man has
from his hard gained earnings accumulated
a small sum of money, which he invests
in a farm. Sickness deprives him of his
income. He becomes involved, or per-
haps he has some small amount of the
sum stipulated to be paid, yet to make out.
For any purpose he needs money, for
which he is willing to pay proper inter-
est. But the money he must have.—
He goes to the professional lender, to ob-
tain a loan. Says the lender:—
'Bring me your note for \$100, on in-
terest, with a good endorser, and I will
let you have \$85, bleeding the poor fel-
low just in proportion as his need is ur-
gent. He is not at all anxious whether
the loan be accepted or not!'

Or perhaps he says: 'Give me a deed
of your farm, (which is worth \$300), and
I will give you a bond to return it, if
you pay the hundred dollars in one year.'
Now if sickness, failure of crops, low
prices of produce or labor; or from any
cause whatever the hundred is not forth-
coming, the poor man loses his land im-
mediately, or must submit to a ruinous
interest which in a short time will eat
away his home. This is an extreme case,
yet it is a common occurrence. It is so
common that the saying: 'a bond for a
deed' has become a proverb or a byword.
Examine the county records of the trans-
fer of property, and there learn that
millions of dollars thus pass annually
from the name of the poor laborer to
that of the rich lender.

Take another example. A poor man
is obliged to sell a piece of personal prop-
erty. In the hands of a man who
could keep it, it is worth thirty dollars;
but the rich buyer can't think of giving
more than twenty.

It is bought, it is bought, with the buyer,
and when he gets his way he boasts:—'Poor
Shame upon that rich man who cannot
look upon the sweat stained goods of the
poor, without having a heart greedy to
possess them! I seem to see him, with
his easy carriage riding from his own
costly home, with its wide acres, across
the country. He passes by a sunny little
house with its patch of ground for a gar-
den, which is the laborer's pride, and he
chuckles within himself, and chirps up his
horse, as he thinks 'next year that will
be mine.' The sad pale face of the in-
veterate wife at the window, causes him
a pang! But she, after the rattle of his
wheels has died away, goes about with a
sad heart, for next year she is to lose her
home. Never mind, weeping one! There
is a little home upon earth waiting for
you, which even his avaricious heart will
not covet; and a mansion in heaven upon
which he has no claim!

No wonder that you detest this evil.—
You despise such a character as this—do
you? Perhaps you do, but you have
helped to form them, though you may
never have been thus heartlessly unjust.
The mass of people look upon such a
man, as a 'smart, business man,' and
upon one who does not thus, as 'not at all
shrewd.' Shrewdness, even if it does
step a little aside from fair dealing, is
looked upon as the first qualification for
a business man. The majority of men
look respect for him, of whom it is said,
'he is honest enough, or means to be, but
is not at all shrewd.' What wonder,
while such an incentive exists in the pub-
lic mind, that our business firms are so
frequently surprised by some shrewd,
confidential clerk proving a defaulter?—
He learns the lesson of his employer, to
be shrewd to his own advantage.

This spirit is not only confined to the
transactions of business, but it manifests
itself also in social relations.
We boast that we are Democratic. If
we are so, every one who is worthy, up-
right and honest, will be looked upon as
entitled to respect; and if not especial
notice, at least, civil treatment. But
how is this, even in the Democratic
North? Money, in the vast majority of
cases, and not merit, is what secures re-
spect. How many there are, who admit
to their homes, with every attention, to
say nothing of civility, those who have
wealth, regardless of virtue or moral
worth; at the same time not deigning to
associate with those who are poor, but they
ever so worthy.

Is this compatible with Democracy?—
Many who are bitter in their denuncia-
tions of English aristocracy, really have
the spirit of it, if not the power, as much
as they. Intelligent Americans who are
acquainted with their customs, say there
is just the same spirit manifested here as
there, and even more nobly. We

have existing in its germinal form the
same anti-Democratic spirit as they. It
is the inherent selfishness of man. In the
rich soil of America these seeds have
sprouted, and are already thriving. It is
the work of a republic to weed them out.
This must be done or all republics will
eventually run into monarchy.

Who has not seen the would-be aristoc-
ratic nabob, whose only recommendation
is his wealth, pass as a perfect stranger in
public places, some worthy laborer, with
whom he is well acquainted; whose
fathers worked together in the same field?
Merit? Money?
Our boasted Democracy, as far as so-
cial intercourse is concerned, is a lie.—
We repeat the Declaration of Independ-
ence, and then go about among citizens
giving the lie to our words. There are
many who do this unconsciously. They
pass into the customs of society without
analyzing them, they join the great crowd
which sways the sceptre of social oppres-
sion, which, aside from being unjust, is
fraught with the most injurious results.—
Who shall know how many have been
driven into crime, stung by the manner of
the kings and queens of society? Who
shall know how many young men and
women have been striving to do without
one word of encouragement; who when
they have seen that money, not merit
would give them places in society, have
said, 'money I will have, foully if not
fairly.'

All this is made more objectionable by
the fact that we claim to be governed by
different principles. No man or nation
can consistently support a Democracy,
unless by practice as well as theory the
rights of the laborer are regarded.

II. I say laborer, and would include
the slave as well as freeman. Doing
this, not as a politician, but as a Christian
philanthropist.

In the South oppression is carried to a
much greater extent. It is bold and in-
tense. It is the foundation upon which
their social system rests. It has the re-
sounding qualities of frankness, which
oppression in the North has not. The
slaveholder is at least consistent. He
believes in oppression and practices it
avowedly.

The extent to which the privileged
classes of the South, have encroached
upon the rights of the laborer, is unpara-
lled in the history of civilization. The
oppressions of the Northern laborer
dwindle to nothing when compared with
what the slave endures. Social privileges
are counted. The right of remuneration
laughed at, and fair dealing with them
to a sh and to curse them; to get as
much labor from them as possible, with
as little expense. In a much milder
form, these methods of wronging are all
that they can obtain in the North. But
oppression there strides over these, and
having intensified and legalized them
marches on to severing families; to
forcing immorality, even adultery and
fornication upon the lower class, to chain-
ing them down to ignorance by law; in
fact, reducing men with minds capable
of development to the level of the brute.—
And all this is not because he is black,
but because he is a laborer. It is useless
for me to hold up to your view specifically
what the slave suffers, for you already
know as well as I can tell you. I only
present you the outline leaving you to fill
up the picture.

Ever since our formation as a Nation
the condition of the laborer in the South
has been growing worse and worse. No
legislation has been allowed for the pro-
tection of the slave. In the North the
social status of the laborer has been fall-
ing, though it can never fall so low as
in the South. Here, the working man
has political, if not social privileges, and
unless he suffers himself to be hoodwinked
by political leaders, he can never lose them.
If the South triumph now, they
may well tremble. For the present, the
laborers joined with those capitalists who
are true Republicans and are the majori-
ty. There is hope for the Northern
laborer if he will open his eyes in season.
And we are the only hope of the slave.—
Left to himself his condition is hopeless.
All is dark. No ray of freedom would
ever penetrate the gloom of his night.—
Toll, toil and chains for himself and his
children forever.

The sympathies of the free North have
ever been with the slave. And so hos-
tility of feeling has long existed. Yet
the spirit which the North has in some
things exhibited, though in this correct,
has in some others been wrong. Very
ungenerously have many shouldered the
burden of slavery all upon the South.—
Not only ungenerously but untruthfully.
And then turning to their manufacturers
began to oppress our own laborers, all the
while pocketing the profits of slavery, in-
directly. And so a spirit of dissension
and bitterness sprang up between the two
sections, and oppression was the root of
it all.

In 1860 the intelligent free laborer of
the North, uniting with the part of capi-
tal which favored the rights of labor, rose
in the majesty of freedom, and decidedly
expressed their sentiments upon this vital
subject. They elected as ruler a man
who came from the laboring class. We
did not purpose to meddle with slavery,
only that it should not eat up soil which
belonged to free labor. The South under-
stood this. 'The laborer shall be pro-
tected,' this sentiment was what troubled
them. You know the result. The South
passed from a war of words to a war of
action. Tyranny begins the attack upon
freedom. There was no alternation. If
the laborer would preserve his liberty, he
must buy it with his blood.

Whatever may have been the sins of
the North then, or formerly, or may be
now, she sprang with alacrity then to the
path of consistency and justice. On the
one side now is the cause of the capital-
ist, the aristocrat, the oppressor; on the
other that of the laborer, the democrat
and the oppressed. And now, cannon

against cannon, sword against sword, man
against man, the combatants stand.

Glorious is the privilege of the Free-
men of the North. They can prove them-
selves patriots, support the sacred cause
of freedom, and wipe from their hands
the accursed sin of oppression, both North
and South. We did not purpose to inter-
fere with slavery, we only purpose that
it should not interfere with us. But when
in the march of events, it became mani-
fest that slavery or freedom must perish,
who could hesitate?

Cost what it may, even if the war con-
tinue thirty years, and in the end freedom
shall prevail, we shall be amply repaid.
And prevail it must, if we are as per-
sistent as our foes. And can we not evince
as much zeal in defense of freedom, as
they of slavery? Freedom for a Nation!
The thought is sufficient, were it possible,
to waken the sleeping dead; and can it
not arouse the people of the North to
persistent, determined action? If it
cannot, they are worthy of defeat;
worthy to be driven by Jeff Davis' slave
drivers! But in such an event—alas!
for Freedom! Shall she perish? Shall
she be driven by the Southern reptile into
the regions of eternal ice? or shall she
radiant with her heavenly beauty, reign
in our land? It is ours to answer.

Glorious is our privilege then, while we
may prove ourselves patriots, while we
dare or die for liberty, and while we wipe
from our hands the accursed sin of op-
pression. 'That there may be no thought
of the cursed thing unto our hands; that
the Lord may turn from the fierceness of
his anger and show mercy upon us, and
multiply us as he hath sworn to our fa-
thers.' And the Lord will do this, if we
turn from our sins, beseeching Him in
faith to forgive.

Yet there is another work for us to do.
God said to Moses, when the people cried
to him and were inactive, 'speak unto the
children of Israel, that they go forward.'
If we are to have liberty from the hand
of the Lord, we must first win it, thus
proving ourselves capable of defending;
for God will not vouchsafe to us more
than we are both worthy and capable of
protecting, even with the sword, if by
that it is assailed!

'What! you a minister of the Gospel
in favor of war?' With what a holy
horror is the above question asked! How
sollicitous for the pure principles of the
Savior!

But who are these, who are so anxious
for the pure, but more especially peace-
able principles of Christ? Are they re-
markably pious people? Do they think
much of the Bible and its precepts? Are
they men of prayer? Do they frequent
the prayer meeting? Are they very
careful never to break their sacred peace
covenant?

'But are you not afraid?' says a real
though timid follower of the Master,—
'that you will lose your influence over
some of those men whose souls you wish
to save?'

The work of saving is God's, not the
preacher's, and He will not aid the preach-
er's efforts more, by his sacrificing Bible
truth or his own principles. And that man,
even who may think differently from me,
will really respect him more for ad-
vancing what he believes, than he would
if that preacher got winning piously
along his path trying thus to secure favor.
Whose dog is the preacher that he should
be muzzled or tied? There are many
who would like to have the voice of the
clergy silenced altogether. They have
ever ready a big pile of muzzles. They
desire the preacher to dig up the sins of
the Egyptian mummies, and lay away at
them. They wish him to follow Bayard
to Nineveh and Babylon and bombard
their ruins, but to spare the sensitive
sins of to-day. It would be a great vic-
tory for the enemies of liberty, if they
could silence this large number of her-
selves. We believe with the scripture that
there is a time for war, as well as peace.
And the time for war is, when tyranny
lays a blow at the life of liberty.

By no means do we rejoice in war.—
We deplore its desolation. We would
pray that peace might be established in
justice, but before we can expect a peace
which God can bless, we must wipe from
our hands this accursed sin, oppression.
The bondmen within our borders must go
free, and the cry of the poor must be
heard and regarded.

How much longer we must wait for
peace, God only knows. It will not be
till we have learned that He rules. The
storm of His wrath is sweeping over us.
Hearts bow before it, as trees bow before
the terrific tramp of a tempest. Cries
and sighs are lost in the roar of war.—
Oh, may sighs become prayers, and groans
suppliants! Many are the petitions which
our listening Father hears. Yet above
all, more earnest than all, even than the
prayer for peace, and the life of friends,
is the one unflinching prayer for Freedom.
Oh, God! give us that!

Make this chastening sure and swift,
O God! with this glorious gift;
Heaven without it were not Heaven,
Peace without it were not Peace,
Peace without this blessing given,
Were a curse to great to bear.
Father hear us! Hear our prayer.

Enoch Whittemore, of N. Paris,
has obtained a patent on the saw horse,
exhibited at the March meeting. The
improvement consists in a clamp, armed
with iron teeth, which are made to lay
hold of the stick and hold it truly down,
by means of a foot-piece so that the op-
erator may stand in a better position
while sawing.

A fair correspondent of the Providence
Journal, having inquired if newspa-
pers are a protection against moths, and
if her furs, wrapped in old newspapers,
would be secure from the devouring in-
sect, the editor replies:—'We really can-
not answer, but we should think that, at
the present price of paper, no respectable
moth would touch it.'

The Little Regiment.

During the struggle for Independence
General Green sent out General Morgan
with one thousand men, to cut off the
retreat of the Tories then infesting the
western portion of South Carolina.

Scarcely had Morgan with his band
taken up their march, ere Cornwallis dis-
patched the blood-thirsty Colonel Tarleton
in hot pursuit. Morgan soon learned of
this, halted and prepared for battle.

Among the militia were a father and
six sons, nicknamed by their comrades,
'The Little Regiment.'

John Hiller, senior, some fifty-five
years of age, stood six feet five and a
half inches, was of fine proportions, and
weighed over three hundred pounds, while
the youngest, John Hiller Junior, aged
twenty two, measured six feet three in-
ches, and weighed two hundred and fifty
pounds. The others varied in size and
weight between these two. In addition
to these gigantic proportions, the Hillers
were possessed of enormous physical
strength and the most dauntless courage.

'John,' said General Morgan to the
elder Hiller, who, with his sons, was
eating a hasty and fragrant meal from off
a fallen tree, 'I suppose you and your
brave boys would rather fight together
than be separated.'

'Yes, General, I think we would be
of much more service to you and our
noble cause when united than when part-
ed.'

'Well, John, we'll have some warm
work in the morning, and I am going to
give you and your lads here the most
dangerous position in the battle. To-
morrow you shall hear the first standard
into the light, and I know that the glori-
ous banner of our country cannot be
placed in better hands.'

'Thank you, General, thank you for
the compliment, and I and my lads will
promise you this, that while we stand firm,
by knoe and knell, you'll see them
Stars and Stripes floating.'

'Then, as time is passing, move up to
the front,' answered Morgan, gathering
up his reins and slowly riding away;
and, as he rode, he continued, as his
steel spurred along, impatient of the
curb, 'I shall keep my eyes on The Little
Regiment!'

The still hours of the night passed
slowly, solemnly on. Presently as the
sun came above the horizon, the trumpet's
shrill note sounded the enemy's advance,
and the patriot band prepared for the onset.

In front of, and a little apart from the
van of Morgan's force, were John Hiller
and his six giant sons, the father him-
self bearing aloft the flag, while the lat-
ter ranged themselves, three on each side
of him, as a guard.

'Well done, Little Regiment,' ex-
claimed the General, as he rode down the
line, encouraging his men to stand firm
before the foe, who were at this time
rapidly approaching them.

On came Tarleton with his merciless
butchers with steady coolness, and veteran
determination which always gave such
a fatal effect upon militia. Anxiously
Morgan glanced upon his undisciplined
troop, which he noticed was already be-
ginning to sway from side to side, and
saw back and forth. But even at this
moment, he was unable to repress the
thrill of joy which passed through him as
he beheld the Hillers, at a word from
their father, coolly and deliberately draw
their long heavy swords.

At this instant, Tarleton's troops, elap-
ping spurs to their steeds, charged with
fearful fury.
For a moment or so the militia tot-
tered, surged and struggled; then break-
ing, fell in wild confusion, leaving the
devoted Hillers wholly unsupported. Mor-
gan expected to see the latter sweep to
the earth and ridden down like reeds be-
fore the tempest; but even he did not
know The Little Regiment. In a voice
that was clearly heard above the din of
battle, the elder Hiller, as he raised him-
self to his full height, shouted:—
'Close up, lads, close up! Our flag!
Our flag forever!'

Instantly he was encircled by his sons,
the heroic exertions of whom actually
kept the whole force at bay. Determined
however, to take the rebels' stand, Tar-
leton's men raged wildly about their in-
tended victims. Men and horses sank to
the earth, till at last their bodies formed
a rampart behind which the little reg-
iment, wounded and bleeding, fought like
lions. Seeing at last that slybes were
useless, a British dragon now drew a
cannon, and leveling it at young John
Hiller, he shot him through the heart.

'Close up, lads, close up! Our flag!
Our flag forever!' again thundered the
father, and the fearful circle was once
more serene and unbroken.

By this time Morgan had succeeded in
bringing up his regulars, and heading
them himself, rushed to the rescue of the
noble Hillers. But too late. A second
of the Little Regiment fell—then a third
—and a fourth—and a fifth.

'Back to back, Ned. Our flag fore-
ver!'—hoarsely commanded the elder
Hiller, as he saw his fifth son sink at his
feet.

Such was the force of the blow that the
blade snapped asunder, leaving only the
hilt in the hero's hand, who, casting this
from him, sprang up, seized the starry
banner that he had so long and bravely
defended, and convulsively wrapping it
around him, sunk beneath a shower of
blows, exclaiming, with a dying voice:—
'Close up, land, close up! Our flag,
our flag forever!'

Unable to tear the flag from about the
fallen man, the British now turned their
attention to General Morgan, who after a
desperate resistance was obliged to fly.
In the course of the pursuit, however,
the enemy fell into disorder, and Morgan
taking advantage of this, rallied his force
and charging the foe, routed them, thus
rewinning the victory which he had so
signally lost.

His first thought after the defeat of
the enemy, turned upon the brave, but
fated, Hillers. Surrounded by their vic-
tims, lay the gigantic Hillers, about the
eldest of whom was wrapped the colors
which had been committed to his care in
the morning, now riddled and torn with
bullets, and soaked with the blood of its
champions.

As Morgan gazed upon the silent forms
at his feet, tears gathered in his eyes, and
with the words, 'Bury them side by side,
and, above all, don't remove the flag from
about John; it is a hero's shroud, and a
hero is in it!'—he was about to turn away
when one of his aids exclaimed:—
'He lives! he lives!'

The group therefore continued around
the dying man, who revived so far as to
raise himself on his elbow, and exclaim:
'Close up, lads, close up! our flag!
our flag forever!'

This was his last effort, and spasmodi-
cally drawing his spangled and blood-
stained shroud closely around him, he
sank to the earth a corpse.

The Boy who Conquered.

Some few years ago, a lad who was
left without a mother, of good natural
abilities, went to New York, alone and
friendless, to get a situation in a store as
errand boy, or otherwise, until he could
command a higher position; but this boy
had been in bad company, and had got in
the habit of calling for his 'bitters' oc-
casionally, because he thought it looked
manly. He smoked cheap cigars also.

He had a pretty good education, and
on looking over the morning papers, he
noticed that a merchant in Pearl street
wanted a lad of his age, and he called
there and made his business known.

'Walk into my office, my lad,' said
the merchant, 'I attend to you soon.'

When he had waited on his customer,
he took a seat near the lad, and he es-
caped a cigar in his hat. This was enough.
'My boy,' said he, 'I want a smart, hon-
est, faithful lad; but I see that you
smoke cigars, and in my experience of
many years, I have ever found cigar
smoking in lads to be connected with var-
ious other evil habits, and, if I am not
mistaken, your breath is an evidence that
you are not an exception. You can leave;
you will not suit me.'

John (this was his name) held down
his head and left the store, and as he
walked along the street, a stranger and
friendless, the counsel of his poor mother
came forcibly to his mind, who, upon her
death-bed, called him to her side, and
placing her enlaced hand upon his head
said, 'Johnny, my dear boy, I'm going to
leave you. You will know, what disgrace
and misery your father brought on us be-
fore his death, and I want you to promise
me before I die that you will never taste
one drop of the accursed poison that killed
your father. Promise me this, and be a
good boy, Johnny, and I shall die in
peace.'

The scalding tears trickled down John-
ny's cheeks, and he promised ever to
remember the dying words of his mother,
and never to drink any spirituous liquors;
but he soon forgot his promise, and when
he received the rebuke from the merchant
he remembered what his mother said,
and what he had promised her, and he
cried aloud, and men gazed at him as he
passed along, and the boys rallied at him.
He went to his lodgings, and, throwing
himself upon his bed, gave vent to his
feelings in sobs that were heard all over
the house.

But John had moral courage. He
had energy and determination, and ere
an hour had passed he made up his mind
never to taste another drop of liquor,
nor to smoke another cigar as long as he
lived. He went straight back to the
merchant. Said he, 'Sir, you very
properly sent me away this morning for
habits that I have been guilty of; but,
sir, I have neither father nor mother,
and though I have occasionally done what
I ought not to do, and have not followed
the good advice of my poor mother on
her death-bed, nor done as I promised
her I would do, yet I have now made a
solemn vow never to drink another drop
of liquor, nor to smoke

